The adventure of living together

This is the reason why 1,800,000 of us buy The American Magazine every month. In its pages you discover me, and I discover you.

I AM YOUR WIFE. I have lived with you for a dozen years; yet underneath all our intimacy, eluding our grasp, there is something in you I don't quite understand; something in me you can't explain.

One day in a book or magazine I am struck with a sudden ray of light. "Why didn't I think of that before?" I exclaim. And thereafter your lives and mine are different, because of what I have read.

"What God Hath Joined" is a ray of light. In THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September.

I AM YOUR FATHER, fifty-eight; and you are twenty-five. No matter how deep our affection, there hangs between us the eternal veil that separates age and youth. Now and then the veil is lifted a bit and I see you as you are.

"What I think and feel at 25." By F. Scott Fitzgerald. In THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September.

WE ARE FRIENDS who stand in sorrow beside an open grave. No one can answer fully the question that is crying in our hearts, but how eagerly we snatch at anything that promises an answer even in part!

Conan Doyle's interview, and the spirit picture of his son—published for the first time—in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September.

I AM YOUR PARTNER, sharing the same office. But what do you really know of my hopes and fears, my jealousies and secret doubts—of the things I think about when the door between us is closed?

McIntyre and Heath (of Georgia Minstrel fame) have been partners for forty-eight years. And when they talk about themselves it is you they are talking about, and me.

"Partners and Friends for Forty-eight Years." In THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September.

So for every human relationship THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has its message. It is not a magazine in the ordinary sense. It is life; it is us—you and me; your husband and mine; your partner and mine; your spirit and mine—in the old, new, endlessly thrilling adventure of living our lives together.



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